Vol. IV. Numb. 40.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the great Wind on Saturday *last, and of* High-Church *Conjurations. More* High-Church *Lies and Forgeries Detected in the Libel call'd,* The History of Faction, *alias* Moderation, *&c.*

From Wednesday Auguſt the 15th, to Saturday Auguſt the 18th, 1705.

Country-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, as I came jogging Home on *Saturday*, in the midſt of the great Wind, I over-took a Gentleman on the Road, and fell into Diſcourſe with him about the *Storm* and *Hurricane* at that time.

Maſter, ſaid I, we have a common Belief in *England*, That in ſuch Storms as theſe the *Witches* and *Conjurers* are at work, either to find out Stolen Goods, or to Bewitch ſome Body or other, againſt whom they have a particular Malice, and that they are conſulting *the Prince of the Power of the Air* that is, the *Devil*, in theſe concerns, he always Aſcends in *Storms*, *Hurricanes* and *Tempeſts*; what is your Opinion in this Point?

Said the Gentleman, *Honeſt Country-man, I am a Native of this Factious, Quarrelſome Iſland, but ſuch has been my good Fate, that the greateſt part of my Life I have liv'd amongſt Heathens in* America, *and am now come over to ſee the Place of my Nativity, where I find Mankind confus'd and over-whelm'd in Domeſtick Jars. I don't find 'em as I left 'em, Men in the Intereſt of their Country, without any Selfiſh Aims, but run Mad in Parties, and Intereſt the End and Deſign of all of 'em; I find none of the* Witches *or* Conjurers *you ſpeak of, but abundance of* Knaves *and* Fools *inſtead of* Honeſt Men.

Said he, *Honeſt Country-man, tho' I have been but a ſhort time in* England, *it has been my Misfortune or Happineſs, call it which you pleaſe, to come acquainted with the Eminent Men of that Perſwaſion, you call* High-Church, *who are much ſuch another ſort of Chriſtians as our Heathens are in* America, *only they han't ſo good Morals.*

Our Heathens, when any difficult thing is to be enquir'd into or known, that at preſent lies conceal'd in the Womb of Fate, do Conſult with the Devil, whom they Worſhip, about that Concern, and the manner of it is thus,

One of their Prieſts, or Heads of the Aſſembly, with other Devotes, do Aſſemble in one of their Wigwams, *or places of* Religious Worſhip, *where the Perſon that is to Pawwaw, that is, to Conſult their Oracle, the Devil, about the Queſtion in Hand, falls into a Trance and ſtrange ſort of Convulſions, and by an unſeen Power is dragg'd thro' ſeveral great Fires made for that purpoſe, with his Fleſh not Scorch'd and his Cloaths Unſing'd, after which, being recovered from his Trance, he reveals what has been diſcovered to him by their Deity, which as often proves falſe as true.*

Now being in Company the beginning of this Week, with ſome High-Churchmen *they talk'd that one* Leſley, *a* High-Church *Prieſt was ſhortly to Pawwaw at the great* Wigwam *at the end of* Richmond *Park, on this Queſtion,* If the Nature of *High-Church* ſhould overcome its own Principles, and be *Rous'd* in Actual *Rebellion* againſt the Queen and Miniſtry, what would be the Effect of it? *Now I fancy this Divination might happen this very Day; tho' I am Abſolutely againſt your Opinion, that the Devil, tho' in Scripture he is call'd* the Prince of the Power of the Air, *can command Hurricanes and Tempeſts when he pleaſes; for the Almighty Creator of the Univerſe, who by one Stroke of Omnipotence founded the Elements, has 'em All, and the Devil too, in his own Hands, and nothing can they Act without his Permiſſion.*

But, ſaid I, that Omnipotent Being can permit the Prince of the Air to rage with Fury in the *Ætherial Space*; and I am apt to think what this Gentleman told me is true, becauſe the Prince of the Air is concerned with the Children of *Diſobedience*, of which ſort are all the *High-Churchmen*. I would fain know what anſwer they had to that Queſtion; but if *Leſley* told it me I ſhou'dn't believe'n, for he *Pawwaw'd* a while ago about the *Sandwich* Breeches, which prov'd a Damn'd Lye, and which, added to the many Hundreds more he has been convicted of, makes me believe every Word he ſays is a falſhood.

Obſ. Honeſt *Country-man*, let 'em *Pawwaw* as often as they pleaſe 'twill do us no Damage. The *High-Church* Oracle, like that at *Delphos*, delivers it ſelf in *Ambiguous Terms*, its Anſwers may be as well read to their Ruin as their Happineſs, and we need not fear their *Sorcery* out of Office, ſince we found ſo little of their *Conjuration* in it.

But to proceed where I left off. Why the *Whigs* ſhould order the *Obſervator to dwell upon King* William's *Encomiums, in order to raiſe Diſcontents among the People, and bring 'em to deſpair of Succeſs under their new Governour*, is a meer Riddle; one would rather believe that reciting the Brave Actions and Martial Enterprizes of ſo Great and Glorious a General, as the mighty *William*, ſhould animate and ſtir up his Succeſſors in the War to puſh at like *Victories*, and by a Parallel Bravery to purchaſe like *Fame* and *Honour* to our Country.

Can there be any better Arguments made uſe of, than the Examples of Preceeding Heroes, who acted well for their Country, to Stimulate their Succeſſors to the Atchievement of like Enterprizes? And is it not very *Fooliſh* and *Abſurd* to aſſert, That the Recognition and Relation of King *William*'s Services to the *Engliſh* Nation ſhould create ſuſpicions of Dangers among a People who owe ſo much Reſpect to His Memory?

And for theſe Services, he ſays, Page 114. Their Secretary, *The* Obſervator, *received his Orders and Secret Service Money.* And for what I pray? Why, *to cry up King* William, *and to decry the whole meaſures of the Campaign, to turn into Ridicule the Progreſs that had been taken by Her Majeſties Arms, and to point out the Duke of* Marlborough *in particular.* Page *ibid.*

'Tis a ſtrange thing this *High-Church* Forger of *Untruths* will not tell who 'tis has given the Secret

Secret Service Money to the *Observator*; I am ſure I ſhould be very glad to know it, that I might have a Demand of it from the Hand wherein it was laid. Have I endeavoured to Perpetuate the Memory of King *William*, 'tis wholly owing to the juſt Regard I had to the Merrits of ſo Excellent a Prince, and not by way of Compenſation for Favours or Rewards I received, either from himſelf or his Miniſtry, and yet, were it not Vanity, I could Enumerate many Services.

If I was hired to write againſt the Duke of *Marlborough*, pray who hired me to write for him? Strange Inconſiſtency! The ſame Party; Page 123. *The Cry ran againſt him before, but theſe were two ſuch Fighting Stories as made the* Obſervator *and his Man* Roger *out of their Wits at the Rehearſal of 'em. Who but the Duke of* Marlborough *and his Iron Dumplins for a conſiderable time after, and not a Paper after this, by Order of thoſe that ſet him to Work, was to mention any more of his being* Sine Clade Victor.

This *Obſervator* is the ſtrangeſt Mortal in the World, he's Brib'd by every Body, and Paid by every Body, and yet is ſo Blind as not to ſee one Penny of the Money. I think I ever paid a juſt reſpect to true Merrit, and I Challenge Mankind to ſay, That ever I omitted a juſt Encomium; but my Sentiments, perhaps, on *Publick Service*, may differ from thoſe of others. 'Tis but a Reciprocal Diſagreement of Judgment, which was and ever will be: But if you'll make a true Judgment of the Expreſſions of Writers, you muſt conſider the Perſon that Writes, as well as what he Writes; you muſt conſider his Circumſtances, and then Judge whether a Perſon that never Writ but in defence of the Queens Right to the *Crown*, and the *Liberties* of the People, and was Partially Proſecuted, whilſt others who Writ againſt *both*, and Libel'd the Author with *Impunity*, I ſay, conſider whether Grains of Allowance may'nt be granted him, and that his Temper, being ſour'd, may not as well Rebel againſt his Judgment, as the Nature of *High-Church* may Rebel againſt its Principles, and that with greater Reaſon too.

I leave the next Paragraph to this, in Page 123 to the Conſideration of Mr. *De Foe*, whom he calls *another deep-mouth'd Scandal Monger*, employed by the Party, who he ſays wrot a Poem, wherein he made *King* William *no more than a* Jack-a-Nokes *or* Tom-a-Stiles; fine *High-Church* Titles for ſo Excellent a Prince.

But this Deviliſh *Whig-Plot*, carried on by the *Williamite-Whigs*, and their Secretary the *Obſervator*, was as much againſt Sir *George Rook* as the Duke of *Marlborough*. Page 124. 125. *Their* Obſervator *was enjoyn'd to leſſen it as much as poſſible, to Ridicule the Engagement for not being the ſharpeſt that ever was ſeen, to beat down Sir* George Rook's *Character with Admiral* Ruſſel's *(now Earl of* Orford*) when it was this very Numerical Sir* George *burn'd All the Ships at* La Hogue, *&c.*

'Tis true, I did ſay the Fight off *Malaga* was not the ſharpeſt that ever was ſeen, and the *Maſter Mercury* ſaid much more: What I ſaid was true, and I have Fact on my ſide.

If a Party would cry up the Action of *Malaga*, as the ſharpeſt that ever was ſeen, could I contradict and confute 'em a better way than by mentioning a greater and ſharper off *La Hogue*? And this I leave to the Conſideration of thoſe that know what ſharp Actions are, and not to the Determination of News-Writers.

Aye, but now my Kettle of Fiſh is quite ſpoil'd. 'Twas this Numerical Sir *George* that burn'd ALL the Ships at *La Hogue*. How can that be, I pray, Maſter *Quibus?* Admiral *Ruſſel* was Generaliſſimo at Sea in that Engagement; and Sir *George* was under his Command, and 'tis Uſual, I don't ſay Juſt, to attribute all the *Glory* and *Honour* of a Victory to the Commander in Chief.

Be it how it will, Sir *George*, with a Squadron, did follow the *French*, but how near 'em? If he went as far as they, then he run aſhore as well as they, and might ha' been burnt as well as they, which he did not. How then were the Ships deſtroy'd? By the Boats and Pinnaces. And did you ever hear of an Admiral that quitted his Flag and Squadron to be Commander of a Fleet of Boats? But had Sir *George* done *All* this, 'tis ſtrange that ſo many Commanders in that Action ſhould not Deſtroy one ſingle Ship.

Now, if Sir *George* only cover'd the Boats when they went in to burn the Ships, and the *Bravery* of the Lieutenants muſt be imputed to Sir *George*, as their chief Commander, then the *Honour* of Sir *George* muſt be imputed to Admiral *Ruſſel*, as his chief Commander, and ſo the whole *Honour* of the Victory reſts on that Admiral.

Country-m. Maſter *Obſervator*, your time grows late and I would not have you tell us all theſe *High-Church* Forgeries at once, the People will better remember them when they have 'em by Piece-meal; but theſe are a Pack of Knaves to bring me into a Sea Plot too; when, God knows, I never ſaw Salt Water in all my Life, and don't know a Ship from a Skimming-Diſh. I believe, before they ha' done, they'll bring our *Joan* into a Plot too, and ſay that ſhe makes *Preſbyterian Butter* and *Cheeſe*; bleſs me, here are Plots ſo much like nothing as two Beans are like one another: I'll maul 'em one time or other for't. Come, Maſter, one Bumper to the Honeſt *Moderate Church of England*, thoſe are Men for the *Engliſh Intereſt*.

Advertiſements.

STOughton's Great Cordial Elixir, ſo often mentioned in the Gazette, (particularly in *Mondays July* the 9th) making the beſt Purl, in Beer or Ale, Purl Royal in Sack, and the bitter Draught in Water, Tea or White-Wine, in a Minute; prepared only by him, Apothecary, at the Unicorn in Southwark, ſet forth fourteen Years, and now ſo Famous throughout the three Kingdoms, and beyond Sea, for theſe two things, the *Stomach* and *Blood*; Rectifying the former from all its Indiſpoſitions, as Wind, Cholick, want of Appetite, Digeſtion, Sickneſs, Loathing, *&c.* and cleanſing the latter from all Impurities thereof, as Scurvy, Dropſie, Jaundice, Breakings out of the body, *&c.* opening all Inward Obſtructions, that the Author thinks it needleſs to ſay more of it, only, that it is Sold at his own Houſe, at ſeveral Booktellers and Coffee-houſes in and about *London*, and at ſome one ſuch place in moſt Cities and great Towns in England, by Mr. *Blackwood*, at Edenburgh, Mr. *Raye* Dublin, 1s the Bottle, Wholeſale cheaper. ——Where it is not yet placed, any Shopkeeper that ſends firſt, may be ſupply'd, and room for good profit, many now Selling 20 or 30 Dozen a Year.

This is that Medicine which ſaved the Lives of ſo many Men at Jamaica, taken with Vomitings, Scorbutick Fluxes, *&c.* as appears by Certificate under the Hand of Captain *Beeſley*, of the *Bonadventure*, often mentioned in Print at large, and by which he ſo highly recommends it to all Perſons going to Sea.

THE *London-Spy* Compleat, in Eighteen Parts. The Second Edition, with large Additions. By the Author of the Trip to Jamaica. price Bound 5 s.

THE Second Volume of the Writings of the Author of the *London-Spy*. Containing, 1. The Poets Ramble after Riches. 2. Sot's Paradiſe: Or, the Humours of a Darby-Ale-Houſe. 3. *Eccleſia & Factio.* A Dialogue between *Bow-Steeple* Dragon, and the Exchange Graſhopper. 4. Modern Religion and Antient Loyalty 5. A Walk to *Iſlington*: With a Deſcription of New *Tunbridge-Wells* and *Sadlers* Muſick-Houſe. 6. The Inſinuating Bawd: Or, the Repenting Harlot. 7. The Revels of the Gods: Or, A Ramble thro' the Heavens. 8. Battle without Bloodſhed: Or, Martial Diſcipline Buffoon'd by the City Train-Bands. 9. O Raree-ſhow, O Pretty-ſhow: Or, the City Feaſt. 10. The Cock-Combat: Or, the Baiting of the Tyger. 11. A Hue and Cry after the Man Midwife, who Deliver'd the Land Bank of their Money. 12. The *Dutch* Guards Farewel to *England*. 13. A Trip to *Jamaica*. 14. A Trip to *New-England*. 15. A Frolick to *Horn-Fair*. 16. The Dancing-School: With the Adventures of the Eaſter Holy-Days. 17. A ſtep to *Stir-Bitch-Fair*. 18. The Humours of a Coffee-Houſe: A Comedy. 19. The Infallible Predictor. 20. The Riſe and Fall of Madam *Coming-ſir*: Or, An Unfortunate ſlip from the *Tavern-Bar* into the *Surgeons* Powdering-Tub. The Second Edition. Price 5s.

THE Grand Miſtake: Or, all Men Happy if they pleaſe. Shewing, 1. How Beggars may be as Happy as Kings. 2. The Sick as eaſie as the Sound. 3. The Barren Woman as Contented as the Fruitful. *By the Author of* The Pleaſures of a ſingle Life.

A Trip to *Spain*: Or, A true Deſcription of the Comical *Humours*, Ridiculous *Cuſtoms*, and Fooliſh *Laws* of that Lazy Improvident People the *Spaniards*. In a Letter to a Perſon of *Quality from* an *Officer* in the Royal Navy. *Price 6 d.*

All Four Sold by J. How, at the Seven-Stars, in Talbot-court, in Grace-Church-Street.

London, Printed for the Author, *John Tutchin*. 1705.